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its laboratories and world-wide patent office; the schools and universities their common home; art its incentives and rewards for creative efforts; the world's theater, concert and exhibition halls; there scholars, priests, and statesmen could meet. Our Martian philosopher might perhaps point out that the friendly contact and joint effort would lead human beings to appreciate and respect each other's differing talents as a valuable contribution to the same cause. Perchance he would remark upon the necessity of a common language at this center, and upon our reply that repeated efforts to establish one had utterly failed, he would naturally advise us to try English, because the majority of civilized people speak it, and the proceedings could, of course, be translated into all languages.

As beings supposedly superior to all others, let us not stake our existence on empirical experiment, but apply ourselves promptly and energetically to organize the world for a scientific and continuous research into the problem of creating "peace on earth, good-will to men."

ENGLISH SHOULD BECOME THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

By KNUT SANDSTEDT

The following communication, representing answers of various scientists to a questionnaire prepared and sent out by the Northern Peace Union, has been sent to us from Stockholm by Dr. Knut Sandstedt, of the *Svenska Fredsöch Skiljedomsforeningen*, *Referingsgatan 74*, Stockholm, C.—THE EDITORS.

THE Board of the Northern Peace Union, Stockholm, has set on foot an inquiry among the philologists of the universities in different countries as to what language, living or dead, would, in their opinion, be the best and have the greatest prospects of being accepted as a common language of correspondence and conservation, in addition to the vernacular of each separate nation.

Up to date, 34 answers have been sent in, and of these 26 correspondents have declared themselves against the artificial languages—Ido, Esperanto, Volapük—and instead expressed their opinion that English is the language that has the greatest prospect of becoming an universal language. Two have proposed French, one German, one Latin, one Esperanto, and three Ido.

The professor of Sanscrit and comparative philology at the University of Lund, Sweden, Nils Flensburg, writes:

"For my part, I am fully convinced that, especially under present circumstances, English would be most appropriate and would have the best chances of being accepted as the international world language. It is spoken by the two nations, the English and the Americans, who now, after the Allied victory, will politically play a still more important rôle than before; it is also the language most generally used by the business world, and is, moreover, the most prevalent in all parts of the globe. The mastery of this language would not only serve a practical object, but also make possible a closer acquaintance with a literature which, compared with that of all the other European countries, prob-

ably possesses the highest educational value as well as the greatest beauty.

"As to the general opinion in this matter among the philologists, I dare not give you any definite answer. I believe, however, that the majority are rather skeptical regarding the artificial languages, such as Volapük, Esperanto, Ido, etc., and in the main agree to the objections as to their use formulated by, for instance, Brugmann and Leskien in their joint pamphlet, 'Zur Kritik der künstlichen Weltsprachen' (Strassburg, Trübner, 1907)."

A similar opinion has been expressed by Archbishop Nathan Söderblom, Upsala, and the Bishop of Copenhagen, N. Osterfeld; the professor at the University in Copenhagen, Wilh. Grönbeck; the professor at the high school in Stockholm, Carl Benedicks; the general secretary of the Interparliamentary Union, Chr. L. Lange, Kristiania; the professor at the University in Leiden, G. C. Uhlanbeck; the professor at the University in Graz, Josef Mesk; the President of the Norwegian Peace Society; the Governor of Kristiania, Håkon Løken; the President of the Danish Peace Society, Deputy Niels Peterson, Copenhagen; Professor Halvdan Coud, Kristiania; the professor of the University in Lovain, A. J. Cornoy; the Chamber of Commerce in Kristiania, in Gevle, in Bruen (Tjecko-Slovakia), and in Amsterdam.

THE WAR HAS NOT DESTROYED

VI

Our Demand for Veracity

By ARTHUR DEERIN CALL

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

ONE of our chief concerns is the expert. We are suspicious of him. His "facts" are not always convincing. Mr. Henry Ford is sure that history is "bunk." In their candid moments, perhaps a majority of the teachers of history will agree with him. The census methods employed by the various nations are so lacking in uniformity and refinement that a graphic study of civilization does not exist; no "graphs" of civilization can be made. A professor of economics in one of our large universities confessed to me not long since that his science rests upon no established body of facts. Some of the work in sociology may be scientific in nature, but it is only by a rather loose handling of terminology that we may speak of a "science of sociology." We are continually referring to civilization without knowing even the meaning of the word, failing to recognize that there exist as yet no means of measuring it. Prof. Norman King Smith, successor to Prof. Pringle-Pattison, né Andrew Seth, of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, throughout his inaugural address, in which he devotes himself to the present condition of philosophy, gives no indication of the outcome of the age-long struggle between skepticism, naturalism, and idealism. Idealist though he confesses himself to be, he seems to have a warm spot in his heart for both skepticism and naturalism. He seems to comfort his soul in a kind of ethereal eclecticism which savors of a barren ideality. Even the physical sciences, thought to be so impregnable in the 80's and 90's, are recognized now to be febrile and un-

certain, their devotees despairing of ever settling upon any physical bases for the flood of new facts pouring from the laboratories. It is frequently charged, and it is difficult to refute the charge, that our essays and philosophies get nowhere. Our absolutes and universals are claimed to be emotional aspirations merely. Our educationists pride themselves upon the accomplishments during the last fifty years, accomplishments which have given to the schools their laboratories, tools, machines, arts, play apparatus, magnificent buildings, compulsory school laws, college graduates for teachers; and yet the schools were never more criticised from within and from without than today. With all its sciences and philosophies and education and religion, what we call civilization finds itself in the midst of a head-on collision with what may be, for all we know, irresistible forces of an entirely different nature.

Writing in the *ADVOCATE OF PEACE* for February, 1920, Mr. Jackson H. Ralston complains that "we lack the essence of honesty, . . . intelligent square dealing." He complains of the abstractions of the pulpit, the opportunism of statesmen, and the inattention of universities to "experimental applied honesty." Refusing to face our shortcomings, we are, like other cowards, "shot in the back."

But is our social situation hopeless? I think not. Through these papers I have tried to show that the world war, with its flood of miseries, has left us hopeful still of public education; of attaining unto truth; of the inherent dignity in human character; of our zeal for self-culture; and of an evolution in rational individual behavior. With Mr. Ralston's complaint in mind, I would express the further opinion that the war has not destroyed our common demand of our fellows and of our arts that they give to us a sound and wholesome veracity.

CONDITIONS OF THE PROBLEM

By veracity is meant truthfulness, to understand which is not simple. There is no little haziness in our thinking about it. For illustration: What is a lie? What, if any, are the distinctions between deceptions and lies? What are the different degrees of the lie? Wherein is the evil of lying? Is it ever proper to lie? How are we to treat the lie in our instruction of the young?

To define the lie is as difficult as it is to define any abstract thing. In ordinary phrase, however, a lie is thought of as a deception of any kind, a form of evil which all the moralists treat with austere rigor. Immanuel Kant condemned all intentional deceptions of any kind with the greatest severity. Fichte was a German metaphysician who would have objected to Von Bethmann-Hollweg's scrap-of-paper disregard of the truth, for it was he who said, "I would not break my word to save humanity itself." Mark Hopkins, the Thomas Arnold of America, in his "Law of Love," has a chapter entitled "The Right of Truth," in which he sets forth that all human interests connect themselves with truth; that men act on expectation founded necessarily in truth, else such expectation would die of its own inconsistency and cease to be a motive for action at all; that when any legitimate end of another depends on his being told the truth, he has a right to the truth; that this must be so or the area of rights would cease

utterly to exist. Paulsen, whose chapter on "Veracity" covers the whole field with great clarity, in one place defines the lie as meaning "willingly and wittingly to tell an untruth in order to deceive others." It might easily have been a Sunday School pupil who defined the lie as "an abomination unto the Lord and a very present help in time of trouble"; but no writer would dare to defend lying, be it personal, community, or international lying.

Yet all deceptions are not lies. Unintentional deceptions cannot be lies. Certain intentional deceptions cannot be called lies. For example: Is it legitimate for a physician to tell a patient ill, say, near unto death with nervous prostration, that her illness is but temporary and slight, and that she will speedily recover? Assuming that the physician administers this deception as he would administer a medicine, is his deception a lie?

Paulsen tells us of a stage manager in a theater of Zurich who, upon learning that the theater was afire, stepped before the scenes and announced that, owing to the sudden illness of one of the actors, the performance would have to be suspended. The building was safely vacated in a short time, after which it burned to the ground. Let us assume that by that deception thousands of lives were saved. Was the deception a lie?

In the third book of "Pliny's Letters," chapter XVI, is a searchingly pathetic picture. Poitus, near unto death, was seen to depend for his life upon the news, announced to him frequently, of the bravery of his two sons upon the field of battles then going on—news which his attentive wife, Arria, gladly brought to him. This brave Arria enjoyed telling her husband of the valiant sons, especially as she saw the tonic effect upon Poitus. But one day the news came that both sons had been killed. Yet the courageous woman went to Poitus and told him smilingly, as had been her custom, stories of new heroisms, saying that all was well with the noble boys. After this she left the room and fainted away. Was this deception a lie?

The possible situations bringing the inquiry near to us are many. A murderer is decoyed into the arms of the law. A man in an extremely dangerous position is deceived for a moment that his life may be saved. You promise me that you will meet me at the 5.40 train for New York, but on the way across the bridge you notice a child drowning. If you stop to save the child, you will certainly miss the train and break your promise. A teacher tells his pupils that before they can add or subtract numbers they must first place tens under tens and hundreds under hundreds. To call such deceptions lies would not be just.

Or, again, suppose a man well-nigh broken with troubles deceives others into believing him happy and cheerful, is he a liar? Discussing such a situation, Paulsen asks if we are, indeed, required to show everything we feel. He states the case thus: "Ought I, then, to tell a friend who has an unfortunate leaning to art, when he presents me with a picture as a birthday gift: 'My dear friend, your intentions are undoubtedly good, but I wish you would spare me?' Or shall I declare, when he expects me to say something about the present: 'Unfortunately, I cannot tell you anything, for if I told you the truth you would be angry, but if I didn't tell the truth this would be contrary to the moral law?'"

Take the case of children's deceptions. A small boy, wishing to keep a trinket for himself, hides it, and when his mother asks him where it is he shakes his head absent-mindedly. Another child informs his mother that he is a general in the army, or that his doll is crying. Sentimental Tommy tried to make his pal, Corp, believe that because Corp's mother was dead that his own mother was a "deader," too, with the thought that such would make him also a person of interest.

There are persons who would say of such childish deceptions that they spring from inadequate appreciation of what truth and falsity really are; that they start in play, which for the child is his only reality. Some grow out of the spirit illustrated by Stevenson's joyous Innes in "The Weir of Hermiston," who, it will be remembered, enjoyed immeasurably "the mere pleasure of beholding interested faces." Some deceptions spring from a fondness for dramatic situations; some from a mere wish to please and to be admired for it; some from a fear of giving offense; some from the fear of punishment; some from a familiarity with certain methods of correction in home or school, from an instinctive will to self-protection. It is pointed out that the more severely austere the authority over children, the more untruthful they will usually be. In any event, to call the untruthfulness of children, under such categories, lies would do violence to common sense.

Manifestly, there is a difference between deceptions and lies. Perhaps we may agree that a lie is any vicious intention to deceive. If we accept this interpretation, a lie may be told in words, in action, in attitude, in silence, in dissimulation. Dishonesty of this kind, the lie, is always vicious. Thus defined, a lie is, as Kant says, "the abandonment of one's dignity as a man and on the level with suicide." The lie is vicious because it destroys man's confidence in man, striking, therefore, at the very heart of human society. Lies are to the mental, moral, and social medium of exchange what spurious coin is to the commercial medium of exchange. The lie is thus the most serious possible poison in the home, community, or state, because it strikes at the system of credits and confidences upon which the whole social structure rests. A liar, therefore, is a composite of all the mean things, including cowardice and theft; cowardice, because afraid of truth; theft, because of an attempt to get what does not properly belong to him.

But as for the deceptions, half truths, peccadillos, some examples of which have been briefly stated, they are not lies, because they do not spring from vicious intentions. A deception becomes a lie when begotten by that vicious intention to deceive which destroys confidence and leads to the destruction of the social organism. The little deceptions of children are, therefore, not lies in any interpretation. While it is true that children cannot be too honest; while it is easier and pleasanter to be truthful; while any form of deception tends ever to defeat its own ends; while we are all aware of

"What a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive;"

yet the old proverb remains true that "children and fools cannot lye."

We still condemn lies. Nothing that has happened

during the war has dimmed our confidence in that real veracity which is the antithesis of the lie.

LARGER IMPLICATIONS OF VERACITY

But there are other and larger implications arising out of our demand for veracity. Shortly after the Civil War, Mr. E. P. Whipple wrote an interesting essay on "Shoddy," in which he said:

"In whatever direction we look, we detect this pernicious element (shoddy) at work, waging continual war against the creative forces of civilization. In politics, it substitutes expedients for principles; in generalship, bulletins for abilities; in society, manners for merit; in business, tricks for enterprise; in literature, form for substance and puerilities for power; in morals and religion, truisms for truth, shadows for substance, memory for insight, and the discipline of death for the communication of life. In all, it shows itself capable of producing nothing which is not a tissue of woven lies, and which does not drop into dishonored rags as soon as it is put to the test of use."

Mr. Whipple went on to say that the Civil War "has taught us, in letters of fire and blood, the policy of freedom, the expediency of justice, the worth of reality, and the worthlessness of sham."

In the light of this other and much more destructive war, these words out of that distressful period must give us pause. Shoddy we still have in our clothing, in our daily speech, in our politics and statesmanship; but the fire and blood, because of their horrors and injustices, have led us to demand newer and greater freedom, a deeper justice, a worthier reality. Behind the editorials, the magazine and public utterances, there is still evidence of the enthusiastic belief that "great is truth and mighty above all things." Men still agree with Bacon, that "no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth." Veracious men we still have, men undisturbed by the casuistries of lying, genuine men, with whom truth is instinctive. In our literature, art, life, all worthy achievement is seen still to depend upon the spirit of veracity. Deep or sane emotions must start from a profound veracity. Men count only that literature to be great which springs from veracious wisdom and knowledge. So they still turn to Shakespeare for their genuine drafts out of human life. They find their best pictures of Victorian England, not in the histories, but in the ultimate veracities of Tennyson and Browning. Men still know that only genuineness constitutes worth, and that art is more interpretive than figures.

The war has done nothing to destroy the satisfying exposition of this truth expressed by the "Poet" in Goethe's "*Vorspiel auf dem theatre*." Let us recall that situation. Goethe prefaces his Faust with three antechambers, or vestibules, a literary trilogy, each part of which gathers up some real struggle in the actual life of Goethe himself. The first of the three is the *Zwignung*, the second is the *Vorspiel auf dem theatre*, and the third is the *Prolog im Himmel*. In the second, the Prelude on the Stage, the Manager, the Actor, and the Poet are represented as discussing the kind of play that shall be presented. The Actor has no sympathy with the Poet's love for posterity, but urges that we should live today and win popularity by giving what the people

desire, letting the future take care of itself. The Manager, on the other hand, measures a drama and its value by the receipts from the box office. Away with dramatic art, classic unities, frills; away with dreams, beauty, feeling, culture, refinement, progress. Please the multitude. Keep down the expenses. Give us the receipts. Thus speaks the Manager.

Then listen to the Poet:

"Oh! speak not to me of that motley multitude, at whose very aspect one's spirit takes flight. Vell from me that surging throng, which draws us, against our will, into the whirlpool. No! conduct me to the quiet, heavenly nook, where alone pure enjoyment blooms for the poet—where love and friendship, with godlike hand, create and cherish the bliss of our hearts. Ah! what there hath gushed from us in the depths of the breast, what the lip coyly whispered to itself—now failing, and now perchance succeeding—the wild moment's sway swallows up. Often only when it has endured through ages does it appear in completed form. What glitters is born for the moment; the genuine remains unlost to posterity. . . . Begone and seek thyself another servant! The poet, forsooth, is wantonly to sport away for thy sake the highest right, the right of man, which Nature bestows upon him! By what stirs he every heart? By what means subdues he every element? Is it not the harmony—which bursts from out his breast, and draws the world back again into his heart? When Nature, ceaselessly winding, forces the thread's interminable length upon the spindle; when the confused multitude of all beings jangles out of tune and harsh—who, life-infusing, so disposes the ever equably-flowing series, that it moves rhythmically? Who calls the individual to the general consecration—where it strikes in glorious harmony? Who bids the tempest rage to passions? the evening-red glow in the pensive spirit? Who scatters on the loved one's path all beauteous blossomings of spring? Who wreathes the unmeaning green leaves into a garland of honor for deserts of all kinds? Who ensures Olympus? unites the gods? Man's power revealed in the Poet."

Thus the voice of the Poet expresses still our highest conception of the present and of the day yet to be. Men will still go on responding to that appeal. They will still turn to their Bibles, to Homer's *Iliad*, Sophocles' *Antigone*, Plato's *Republic*, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Goethe's *Faust*, Emerson's *Nature*, as the immortal works in literature—immortal because they have grasped the immortal themes, world-embracing themes, themes true to the highest sentiments of the human heart, themes growing out of the eternal veracity of things. Men still know that art cannot be false.

As others have pointed out, Pope's *Essay on Man* is, as an essay, false and misleading, the only thing causing the poem to live being its veracious epigrams. Thus instinctively do men demand veracity of an author. For this reason they refuse to read Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimation of Immortality" or some of Shelley's pure dreams and rhapsodies. Men still know that any art must spring from the deep and abiding veracities of human life, and so they demand it. Art which does not thus spring is puerile and shoddy.

The great masterpieces in literature depict genuine

human characters acting under real and natural laws. Prof. C. T. Winchester, comparing, with reference to this requirement, Scott's romantic poetry with Byron's oriental poems—*Lady of the Lake* or *Marmion* with *Conrad* or *Lara*—remarks:

"Doubtless neither poet represents the manners and customs, the outward circumstances, of any age with exact historic fidelity. There probably never were any such conditions as those described in the *Lady of the Lake*, and the average chieftain of the Scottish border was probably, as Macaulay says, little better than a bare-legged cattle thief. But there are such *men* as *Marmion* and *Douglas* and *Roderick Dhu* and the rest of Scott's heroes; there are such virtues, and they find healthy exercise and win genuine admiration, through all ages, in very much the same way. While, on the other hand, there never were any such men as Byron's *Conrads* and *Laras*, and never could be. These lofty, self-communing pirates and cut-throats who 'combine one virtue with a thousand crimes' are only the morbid imaginings of a powerful but ill-balanced nature in peevish revolt against society. In the one case the poetry is based on wholesome, universal truths of human nature; in the other, it has really no basis in truth at all; and hence, however popular it may be during a period of social ferment, it is sure to prove hollow at last."

The trouble with yellow journalism, yellow novels, yellow music, yellow theaters, is not that they are interesting, but that they are unreal, impossible, beastly, and therefore utterly debasing. There is not enough of real human life in them. It is said that if Walt Whitman had only known a little more he would have been the greatest lyricist of all time. Matthew Arnold conceived that the English poets at the beginning of the 19th century simply did not know enough. We find passion, imagination, and music in their work, he says, but there is not enough broad knowledge of life in them. They lack in veracity.

In the field of painting and sculpture, also, this particularly holds true, naturally as the law of gravitation. In his "Mornings in Florence," Ruskin takes us up to Giotto's parish church, Santa Maria Novella, and there in the apse he talks to us of the frescoes by Ghirlandajo. He explains to us how this would-be artist was to the end of his life a mere goldsmith "with a gift for portraiture," nothing more. He grants that in these frescoes, in the perspective of the wall, in that whole city of Florence, painted with infinite pains as a background, in that Luca della Robbia style of bas-relief, in the carving of the pilasters, in the embroidery of the dresses and many similar conceits, the man has come within just a point of doing the work as well as it could be done, and that it is done *just* as well as Ghirlandajo could do it. Ruskin goes on: "But the point in which it *just* misses being done as well as it can be done is the vital point. And it is all simply—good for nothing." The much-praised draperies hang as from two clothes-pegs; they are not true. The Madonna is not meek, only stupid; she is not true.

Over against Ghirlandajo, Ruskin calls us to witness, in a small recess behind a tomb, very close to the ground, yet in excellent light, two small frescoes, "only about four feet wide each, in odd-shaped bits of wall—quarters of circles; representing—that on the left, the Meeting

of Joachim and Anna at the Golden Gate; and that on the right, the Birth of the Virgin."

"No flourish of trumpets here, at any rate, you think! No gold on the gate; and, for the birth of the Virgin—is this all! Goodness! nothing to be seen, whatever, of bas-reliefs, nor fine dresses, nor graceful pourings out of water, nor processions of visitors?"

"No. There's but one thing you can see here, which you didn't in Ghirlandajo's fresco, unless you were very clever and looked hard for it—the baby! And you are never likely to see a more true piece of Giotto's work in this world."

"A round-faced, small-eyed little thing, tied up in a bundle!"

"Yes, Giotto was of the opinion she must have appeared really not much else than that. But look at the servant who has just finished dressing her;—awe-struck, full of love and wonder, putting her hand softly on the child's head." . . .

And so Ruskin goes on with his suggestive descriptions of the nurse, St. Anne, the midwife, and closes with:

"At the door a single acquaintance is coming in to see the child. Of ornament, there is only the entirely simple outline of the vase which the servant carries; of color, two or three masses of sober red and pure white, with brown and gray."

"That is all. And if you can be pleased with this, you can see Florence. But if not, by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like; you can never see it."

In spite of the war, men will, like Ruskin, go on trying to separate the chaff from the grain, battling against sham and shoddy in their attempt to attain unto veracity. As they attribute Giotto's success as a forerunner of modern art to the genuineness of the man, to his power to see and interpret things as they really were, to his consummate veracity, so they will continue their search for success in the same spirit.

In the Rospigliosi Palace in Rome is Guido Reni's *Aurora and the Hours*, one of the world's ten masterpieces, sixteenth century fresco expression of a great veracity. It pictures sufficiently the epic drama of the recurring days. *Aurora* leads the procession, scattering across the night the roses and other flowers of dawn. On her way she beckons back to *Lucifer*, the morning star, torch-bearer of the majestic *Phœbus*, the lordly Sun. And this *Phœbus*, beautiful, sits godlike in his chariot, guiding with single hand his prancing steeds on their daily journey across the world. The seven hours, bewitching variety of rhythmic grace, dance with stately step on the twilight clouds around the car of day—the first in the robust vigor and joy of the new life of the morning, the last, with wistful, pleading, backward glances out of the eventide, patiently wonders when all this weary round of time shall cease. Men can feel but not describe the veracity of this picture. Every fold of drapery, every curve of muscle and sweep of limb, every glance and expression, every sentiment of the whole, is felt to be enduringly true. The picture lives because these things are so.

Thus out of an essential veracity art interprets man to himself. If veracity is a plant of Paradise—and perhaps it is—as George Eliot would have said, its seeds are

planted this side of the walls. If, as this woman did say, "We cannot command veracity at will; the power of seeing and reporting truly is a form of health that has to be delicately guarded"; if, as an ancient rabbi has solemnly said, "The penalty of untruth is untruth;" if, as Paley has written somewhere, "I have seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of great importance"; if achievement and peace can only accompany that freedom where veracity operates of itself, then men will agree that greatness is veracity. The untruthful man or nation can never be great. This must have been the thought in Huxley's mind when he said, "Veracity is the heart of morality."

The saintly Francis of Assisi proclaimed, and boldly, with astonishing success, the brotherhood of the human race, the equality of men, the tender human relations between Mary and her Child. He saw plainly the face of God in the face of his brother, the sun, and in the faces of his sisters, the birds. This large veracity of Francis led men out of their solitudes into the market-places, reared many churches, added new life to the pictorial arts, inspired Dante and the after poets, brought friars and burghers together, and awoke ten classical Byzantine sleeping centuries to the morning of the Italian Renaissance. The veracity of Francis changed the course of human history.

It is veracity that counts. It was the veracity of him that led Turner from Claudesque formalism in art to nature. It was an elemental veracity that opened the eyes of Wordsworth to the pedantry of the classical school of poets in the eighteenth century of English letters, and led him to break from the style of Pope and Gray, to write in the language of the common people, to picture reality as in *The Brothers*, *Michael*, *Tintern Abbey*. It was this veracity which, through Wordsworth, reached down the after years, giving substance to literature.

And the lack of this veracity may become a tragedy. It was the want of it that crippled the hand of Andrea del Sarto, "the faultless painter" of Florence, in his futile attempts to reach beyond himself. In getting cheap love, he saw Heaven elude his grasp. When it was too late, he saw his own soul, that vexed, helpless, resigned melancholy thing, with its insight, broken sorrows, sudden joys, pursuing discontented life; he saw it forsaking, relentlessly forsaking, him. Out of his bitterness he cries that Raphael, Angelo, Titian, Leonardo reach a heaven shut out from him, though they cannot draw like him. He knows that his handwork is perfect, but as he says:

"There burns a truer light of God in them,

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-gray,
Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!"

THE DEMAND FOR VERACITY SURVIVES

Realizing thus the high merit of veracity, men detest shoddy, be it in cloth, in speech, in conduct, in art. The wooden house sanded to represent stone; the cellar walls plastered and traced to represent heavy masonry; the tin fronts to buildings worked into flimsy imitation of brick; botch wooden lintels and keystones in car-

penry designed to represent Gothic stone effects; none of these things can become popular. We instinctively resent those works in paper or fresco designed to deceive us into believing that there are arches which are not arches, fair hanging draperies which are not draperies at all. So false are these things that we resent them, especially in churches.

The demand for veracity survives. There are still men who strive to live in consistent regard for the truth. They know full well that the habit of drawing distinctions between harmless and harmful, slight and great, unintentional and intentional deceptions is an irrational, a silly business. They know that veracity, like any virtue, comes only with the practice of it in the little things. They know that veracity is a valuable quality, because out of it spring those other essential things, such as chivalry, *noblesse oblige*, statesmanship. They know that the successful life is the life actively in pursuit of veracity. They know, as some one has said, that "gossip, flattery, slander, deceit, all spring from a slovenly mind that has not been trained in the power of truthful statement." They know that cynicism, ridicule, bitterness are unjustified because they are contrary to that eternal veracity which is the substance of successful homes, cities, States.

Men still know, and because of the war they know it more certainly, that secret treaties, fiat constitutions, governments by men only or by special privilege merely; that ill-considered political theories, unjust laws, and selfish ambitions must all give way at last. In their places must be substituted all needful publicity, the adaptation of tried methods of successful government,

the intelligent rule of an enlightened majority, scientific statesmanship devoted to the general welfare. Men instinctively demand these things in the name of freedom. In a sense, therefore, Mr. Ralston's "experimental applied honesty" is and always has been on the ways. On the whole and in the long run, men attain unto a greater and greater coherence because of a greater and greater enlightened self-interest, if for no other reason. When men argue that States are creatures of law, subordinate to the law; that they are interdependent, both as to their rights and as to their duties, they are pleading for an "experimental applied honesty." Men distrust their emotions and prejudices, for fear of dilettantism. Their instinctive leaning toward veracity leads them to demand brains with feelings, an "applied honesty." The more intelligent men become, the more they aim to buttress their principles upon knowledge. They applaud common sense in high places; and common sense means to them the substitution of organized facts and reason for the guess. When once upon a time a "doctor of the law, had in honor of all the people," stood up in the council and stated of the men in danger of their lives that "if this counsel or this work be of men, it will be overthrown: but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them; lest haply ye be found even to be fighting against God," of course, "to him they agreed," for Gamaliel trusted the case to veracity. Men will go on listening to their Gamaliels; and the Gamaliels will continue to arise, condemning hypocrisies and unrealities, making easier the way for the feet of that Justice whose fruitful and eternal spirit is veracity.

U. S. SENATE AGAIN REJECTS TREATY

From July 10, 1919, the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations have been before the Senate. On November 19 the Senate rejected it by a vote of 41 to 51. On January 15 bipartisan conferences began which lasted two weeks and ended in disagreement on all except minor reservations. On February 9 the Senate reconsidered the vote by which ratification was rejected in November and the treaty was recommitted to the Foreign Relations Committee. A day later it was reported back to the Senate with reservations essentially the same as those originally urged by the Foreign Relations Committee, and on the 16th debate was resumed and has continued with practically no intermission.

On March 18, under pressure of public opinion too powerful to resist longer, the last of fifteen reservations agreed to in committee of the whole were reported to the Senate and were adopted; and a resolution calling for a vote on qualified ratification of the treaty as a whole was introduced by Senator Lodge and was adopted.

On the 19th, by a vote of 35 to 49, 56 votes being necessary for ratification, the Senate declined to ratify with the reservations; and later, by a vote of 47 to 37, passed the following resolution, introduced by Senator Lodge:

"That the Secretary of the Senate be instructed to return to the President the Treaty of Peace with Germany, signed at Versailles on the 28th day of June, 1919, and respectfully

inform the President that the Senate has failed to ratify said treaty, being unable to obtain the constitutional majority required therefor."

A formal letter from President Wilson, dated March 8, to Senator Hitchcock and other informal expressions of opinion by the Executive had made it clear to the Senators that he was still insistent on ratification of the treaty without reservations, such as the debate had made it clear a majority of the Senators would probably insist upon, and the Senate voted, knowing this fact as to the President's attitude. The requisite number of votes to defeat the treaty finally came from Democratic Senators loyal to the President, and from another group, mainly Republicans, and known colloquially as "irreconcilables" and "bitter enders," who, from the first, have opposed the treaty's ratification in any form, deeming it perilous to national interests and as setting up a "superstate."

The final alignment of men and parties on the issue follows:

FOR RATIFICATION

REPUBLICANS: Ball, Calder, Capper, Colt, Curtis, Dillingham, Edge, Elkins, Frelinghuysen, Hale, Jones (Wash.), Kellogg, Kenyon, Keyes, Lenroot, Lodge, McLean, McNary, New, Page, Phipps, Smoot, Spencer, Sterling, Sutherland, Wadsworth, Warren, Watson. Total, 28.

DEMOCRATS: Ashurst, Beckham, Fletcher, Gore, Henderson, Kendrick, King, Myers, Nugent, Owen, Pittman, Phelan,